

Cat Skills

**As regular as clockwork, each morning he appears.
Perching on the hot shale roof he doesn't miss a thing.
His eyes as green as emeralds, his fur as black as coal.
Poised with regal bearing; a king upon his throne.**

**A sudden movement in the grass causes him to stare,
Lightly leaping in the air, he's swiftly on the move.
A slightly staggered landing, he quickly rights himself.
The hapless leaf he seizes never had a chance.**

**Soon he tires of this play and wanders towards his house.
GAME OVER**

